

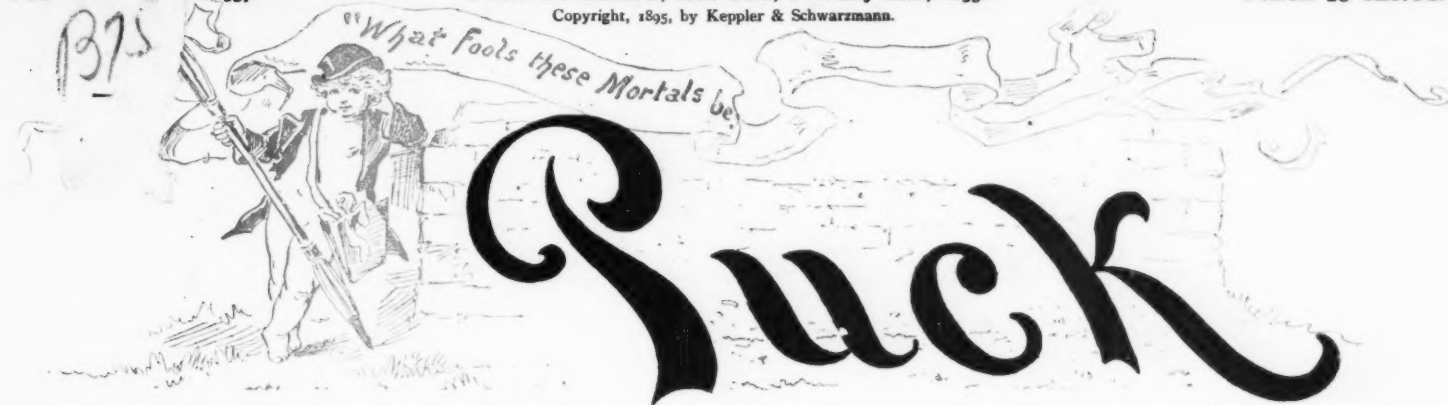
VOL

No. 937.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, February 20th, 1895.

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CALLED OUT AGAIN.

IT SEEMS THAT THOSE POPULAR STARS, THE "IRON CHANCELLOR" AND THE "GRAND OLD MAN," WILL HAVE TO RESPOND TO ANOTHER ENCORE.



EX LIBRIS.



MY LADY'S heart it is a book
Wherein I fain would read;
And could my eyes but gain a look
Then they were blest, indeed!"

So sang I when our love was new;
Ah! blissful, foolish age!
Before my eyes so keen they grew,
They scanned each dainty page.

Far happier I when lids were shut;
Such reading were unwise;
My eager eyes found nothing but
A million letter I's!

Richard Stillman Powell.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

SHE.—If you really are connected with the Von Blew-bludds, why have n't you a family tree?

HE (*confidentially*).—Well, — a-hem, — to tell you the truth, our family is only a branch.

DE GOOSBY.—"As ye would have men do unto you, do ye even so to them?"

MISS GIFFLEY (*in confusion*).—Oh! but what would people say, Mr. De Goosby?

TO-DAY BROWN curls are clustering
Upon her forehead, bless her;
Time flies, twelve hours elapse, and
They're clustering on her dresser.



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HE AGREED WITH HER.

GOOD OLD LADY.—Rum! Yes, the Demon Rum! Just think of the misery it causes!

THIRSTY WALTERS.—You bet it does, lady! You would n't believe de misery I've been sufferin' fer de last t'ree hours fer the want of a drink of it.

EXPRESSIVE.

"That new deaf-and-dumb compositor made quite a hit with me when he pried that column of solid nonpareil," remarked Slug 14 to Bossem, the foreman, as the two were recuperating in their favorite beer emporium, after the last edition had gone down.

"What did he say?" inquired Bossem.

"Well, the poor fellow could n't talk, so he did the next best thing, — he gritted his teeth and pointed at the '—' box for fully ten minutes."



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"CARRYING THINGS TO EXTREMES."



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MURDER WILL OUT.

THE GROOM (*at the first stopping-place*).—It's no use, Clara; we can't hide it from people that we are bride and groom.

THE BRIDE.—What makes you think so, George, dear?

THE GROOM (*dejectedly*).—Why, here the waiter has brought us rice pudding!

"ARE YOU bothered," asked the farmer with top boots, "by people hanging around your place at night?"

"No," rejoined the type of southern civilization with the buckskin coat; "I don't mind it as long as the condemned ain't permitted to keep me awake with any long speeches."



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AN AWFUL MISTAKE.

ARTIST. — There you are, sir! I've painted you a full line of your ancestors, and I'll warrant you that no one will know they are not genuine. This is your father, that your grandfather, this your great-grandfather, and —

MR. NEWRICH. — Hold on! Good heavens, man! You've made my great-grandfather a much younger-looking man than I am.

THE LATEST VERSION.



WHEN GEORGIE hacked the cherry tree
He peeled the bark off round
And boiled it up with tar, did he,
To make a cough compound.

His father chortled in his joy,
He did not scold or scoff;
But said, "You are excused, my boy —
You'd such a hacking cough!"

R. L. M.

RURAL INNOCENCE.

SHAKSPEARE BLUFF (*unappreciated tragedian, to stage-hand in one-night stand*). — Prithee, lad, tell me the truth! Hast ever had a big house in this jay town?

REUBEN GREEN (*with an air of injured pride*). — Oh, yes! There used to be a three-story brick on the Doolittle Corner, but it burnt down last Winter.

THE BROKER'S LAMENT.

"Did you ever see a bull in a china shop?"

"No; but I've always thought one was in there when my wife goes shopping."

PUBLIC NECESSITY.

"What is the use of having two papers in a small town like this?"

"So one can refute everything the other says."

"BUT YOU love me," persisted the India Rubber Man.

"Yes," faltered the Circassian Girl.

"Then let us proclaim ourselves one."

"No, Horatio; it is better thus. There is no money in the Siamese any more."



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THE CHILD'S INQUIRY.

LITTLE G. W. MOKELY. — Poppy, why did yo' call me George Washington?

MR. MOKELY. — Kase George Washington was de father ob dis country, chile.

LITTLE G. W. — And will I be de father of dis country some day, Poppy?

MR. MOKELY. — How does I know? Dey say History repeats itself.

À LA SHERLOCK HOLMES.



JONES AND I recently had occasion to take a drive of four or five miles in upper Connecticut. We were met at the station by Farmer Phelps, who soon had us snugly wrapped in robes and speeding over the frozen highway in a sleigh. It was bitter cold weather—the thermometer reading 3° above zero. We had come up from Philadelphia, and, to us, such extreme cold was a novelty, which is all we could say for it.

As we rode along, Jones fell to talking about Conan Doyle's detective stories, of which we were both great admirers, the more so, as Doyle has

declared Philadelphia to be the greatest American city. It turned out that Mr. Phelps was familiar with the "Meemoirs" of Sherlock Holmes, and he thought there was some "pretty slick reasonin'" in it. "My girl," said he, "got the book out er the library an' read it aout laoud to my woman an' me. But, of course, this Doyle had it all cut an' dried afore he writ it. He worked backwards an' kivered up his tracks, an' then started afresh, an' it seems more wonderful to the reader than it reely is."

"I don't know," said Jones; "I've done a little in the observation line since I began to read him, and it's astonishing how much a man can learn from inanimate objects, if he uses his eyes and his brain to good purpose. I rarely make a mistake."

Just then we drove past an out-building. The door of it was shut. In front of it, in a straight row and equi-distant from each other, lay seven cakes of ice, thawed out of a water pan.

"There," said Jones; "what do we gather from those seven cakes of ice, and that closed door?"

I gave it up.

Mr. Phelps said nothing.

Jones waited impressively a moment and then said, quite glibly: "The man who lives there keeps a flock of twelve hens, not Leghorns, but probably Plymouth Rocks or some Asiatic variety. He attends to them himself and has good success with them, although this is the seventh day of extremely cold weather."

I gazed at him in admiration.

Mr. Phelps said nothing.

"How do you make it all out, Jones?" said I.

"Well, those cakes of ice were evidently formed in a hens' drinking pan. They are solid. The water froze a little all day long, and froze solid in the night. It was thawed out in the morning and left lying there, and the pan was re-filled. There are seven cakes of ice; therefore, there has been a week of very cold weather. They are side by side. From this we gather that it was a methodical man who attended to them; evidently no hireling, but the good man himself. Methodical in little things, methodical in greater ones, and method spells success with hens. The thickness of the ice also proves that comparatively little water was drunk, consequently he keeps a small flock. Twelve is the model number among advanced poultrymen, and he is evidently one. Then the clearness of the ice shows that the hens are not excitable Leghorns, but of a more sluggish kind, although whether Plymouth Rocks or Brahmas or Langshaus, I can't



A VALUABLE ENDORSEMENT.

VISITOR.—I am the Populist Member of Congress from the 'Steenth Kansas district. In yesterday's paper you called me a demagogue.

EDITOR.—Well, sir?

VISITOR.—What would you charge me to mail five hundred marked copies of that paper to my constituents?



AFTER THREE HOURS OF IT.

SHE (sweetly).—George, dear! I'm afraid I must make your legs tired, sitting here.

HE (bravely).—Sit still! My legs don't feel it. They're asleep.

say. Leghorns are so wild that they are apt to stampee through the water and roil it. The closed door shows he has the good sense to keep them shut up in cold weather.

"To sum up, then, this wide-awake poultryman has had wonderful success in spite of a week of exceptionally cold weather from his flock of a dozen hens of some large breed. How's that Mr. Phelps? Is n't it almost equal to Doyle?"

"Yes; but not accordin' to Hoyle, ez ye might say," said he. "Your reasonin' is good, but it ain't quite borne aout by the fax. In the fust place, this is the fust reel cold day we've hed this Winter. Secon'ly, they ain't no boss to the place, fur she's a woman. Thirdly, my haouse is the nex' one to this, an' my boy an' hers hez ben makin' those ice cakes fer fun, in some old cream pans. Don't take long to freeze solid in this weather. An', las'ly, it ain't a hen haouse, but an ice haouse."

The sun rode with unusual quietness through the heavens. We heard no song of bird. The winds were whist. All nature was silent. So was Jones.

Charles Battell Loomis.

A SUBSTITUTE.

MR. KIDDER (solemnly).—Now, Johnny, you are just starting in business life. Never forget the example of George Washington, who never told a lie.

JOHNNY (who works downtown).—That's all right; but I bet he had an office-boy on the outside desk.

HER PHOTOGRAPH.



HE WHILE she holds my heart in thrall
And keeps me at her beck and call,
To praise her charms above them all,
It is my duty.
But when I view this pasteboard face
Some unfamiliar charms I trace —
By Jove! I never knew that Grace
Was such a beauty.

A something I can not express
(Perhaps the soul alone can guess)
I find is added here, unless

I'm much mistaken.

Dan Cupid, though your eyes are slow
To see the things Love would not know,
Tell me how many years ago
She had this taken?

James Jay O'Connell.

A GROWING EVIL.

POWERS.— It is a great pity that the papers devote so much space to sensational news.

BOWERS.— Yes, indeed. It leaves a man very little time to read anything else.



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SOMETHING NEW.

ETHEL.— What are those men doing, Mama?

MOTHER.— They are deaf and dumb, and are talking with their fingers.

ETHEL.— Oh, let's go over and stand near them! I want to hear how it sounds.

PRIVILEGED.

EXCHANGE FIEND.— Darned if I'd put up with that abuse old man Madder gin you about your stand on the town constable matter. Why don't you pitch inter him?

EDITOR (*slowly*).— My friend, editorially the *Jaytown Bugle* will ever continue unterrified and unbought; but if you think that we, either editorially or individually, intend to sass back the only subscriber that pays *in cash*, you're mistaken!

IT is believed that even the old woman who lived in a shoe insisted on having it several sizes too small.



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REASON FOR IT.

MRS. O'TOOLE.— Oi don't see how she kin hear, wid her hair combed over her ears thot way.

MR. O'TOOLE.— She don't moind! Luk phut she's got to listen to.

ALL THE SAME, BUT DIFFERENT.

BAGGS (*of Baggs, Taggs & Co., to TYPEWRITER*).— Write to Simpson that we have heard of his partial destruction by fire, and that we are at his service for any assistance he may require. He's a good customer of ours.

TYPEWRITER.— Here is a telegram from him asking for an extension of time on a bill due to-day.

BAGGS.— Great Heavens! I'll send the sheriff at once.

SOME PEOPLE know a good thing when they see it, and others think it ought to take notice of them.



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NO OBSTACLE.

MISS HOCKHEIMER.— No, Mr. Pinkenberg; I am sorry, but I can not marry you; — I could never love a man mit red hair.

MR. PINKENBERG.— Dot vas notting; — my barber tells me dot at der rate my hair is falling oudt, I vill be completely baldt in von year!

THE MAN OR THE DOG?



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MCGLONE'S DISENCHANTMENT.

MCGLONE (on his first night as stage-hand at the opera, last performance of the Italian season).—Sure, 't is a picnic Oi hov,—nothin' around me but purty little light fairies an' illigant, slim gintlemen!

THE DEMON RUM.

BANKS.—Whiskey never handles two men alike; it makes a perfect fool of me.

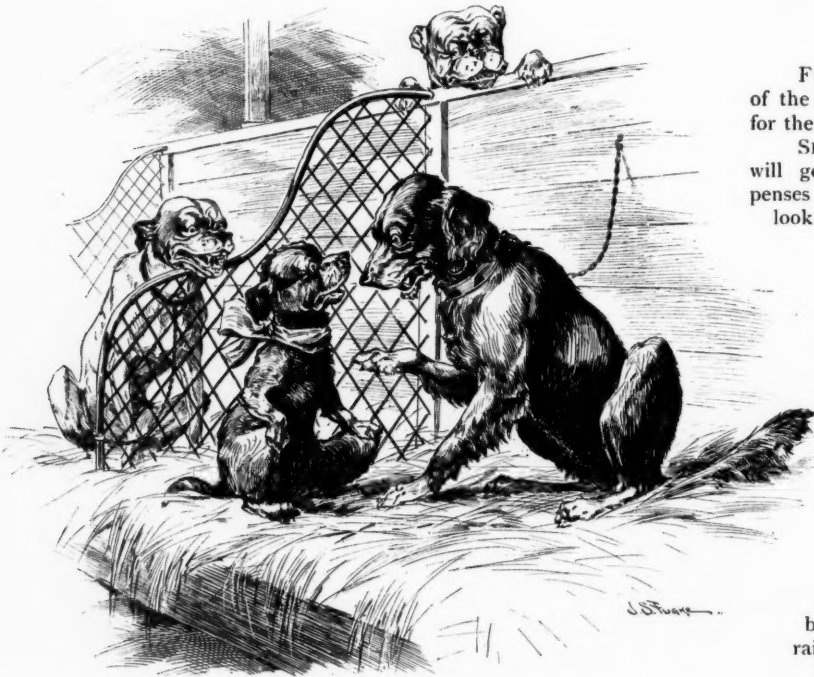
TANKS.—How so?

BANKS.—Just as I get ready to have fun, I am attacked by an overpowering desire to go home and go to bed.

WHY HE THOUGHT SO.

HENDERSON.—Did Jones like that cigar you gave him?

WILLIAMSON.—I imagine not. He asked me where my wife bought it.



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CANINE LACONICS.

"What are the dog days, Mama?" asked the inquisitive young retriever.

"My dear," said the fond mother, with a sigh, "you will know all too soon. Then it is that the weather is awfully hot, yet they put muzzles upon us till we almost suffocate, and lead a dog's life generally."

"That seems strange," mused the youngster; "I should think that these would be called dog days."

"Oh, no!" was the brisk reply; "now is the time that we have a show!" And even the hounds cast bays at her feet.

IN THE dim light she sits,
Fragile and fair.
Night after night she sits
Stroking his hair.
I, quite bereft of wits,
Watching her there
(Envy 's, the theft of wits)
From my far chair.
Scarcely a look I get,
And from my book I get
No sense, no solace.
There is no bolus
For my despair.

Stretched at full length he lies
Deep in a nap.
Model of strength, he lies
Head in her lap.
There it may ever be,
Fortunate chap!
And mine may never be.
Oh! the sad hap
That put a heart in me
Only to smart in me
Like a great stupid
For one whom Cupid
Can not entrap.

Envy her colley? I'm
Free to confess
That is the folly I'm
Guilty of,—yes.
But there 's a chance for me
Still of success.
She 'll have a glance for me;
Time, more or less,
If Prince is at the Show
(Otherwise, drat the Show!)
To hear my tale o'er
And I 'll not fail or
I miss my guess.

E. W. Barnard.



MCGLONE (on his second night as stage-hand, opening of the grand Wagner opera season).—Begob! If Oi live t'rough this Oi'll go back to me job on Casey's buildin's in the marnin'!

USELESS OFFICIALS.

FIRST STOCKHOLDER.—What is this plan for increasing the dividends of the Benevolent and Patriotic Gas Company? Can we charge any more for the gas?

SECOND STOCKHOLDER.—No; the bills are about as high as they will go. But we can reduce expenses by discharging the men who look at the meters.

AN EXPLANATION.

PROUD FATHER.—That is a sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting abroad, you know.

FRIEND.—Ah! that explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country.

MAN'S

IMPRACTICABILITY.

HUSBAND.—I think you'd better save that money for a rainy day.

WIFE.—But on a rainy day I can't go shopping!



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FROM A PROFESSIONAL STANDPOINT.

FIRST LAWYER.—Seems to be an epidemic of embezzlement and that sort of thing.

SECOND LAWYER.—Yes; and there is one feature which is particularly unfortunate.

FIRST LAWYER.—What is that?

SECOND LAWYER.—Nearly all of them are pleading guilty.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Keppeler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, February 20th, 1895. — No. 937.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**A STATEMENT
OF ACCOUNT.**

The Fifty-third Congress

In account with the United States,.....Dr.

To forcing the United States to pay three and three-fourths per cent. interest on a loan of \$65,000,000, when said loan could and should have been placed at three per cent.\$16,174,770

AT THE time this is written it seems probable that the above bill must stand as rendered. A few days still remain, however, of the ten that were given to Congress in which to come to its senses, and it is just possible that before this time expires it may stop talking and get to work. But this would be unlike the Fifty-third Congress, and it is, therefore, highly improbable. We have here a painfully practical demonstration of the evils of the silver mania, one that we can size up in dollars and cents. The credit of the nation has been so weakened by the silver fanatics in and out of Congress that investors demand the Government's word that its bonds shall be redeemed in gold. Failing to get this, they very wisely insist upon a higher rate of interest for the risk they take in buying bonds that might be redeemed in silver. Congress had either to make the promise or to pay the increased interest. It chose to do the latter. As between a right and sensible act and spending \$16,174,770 of the people's money, there was no hesitation. The Fifty-third Congress would have been idiotic if it had cost twice as much. Money was no object when its hard-earned reputation for imbecility was at stake.

**A FOOLISH
LABOR BILL.**

POOR, OLD Thomas Jefferson! If he still takes an interest in our welfare, his shade must have gnashed its ghostly teeth and torn its ghostly hair when a ghostly copy of a "labor" bill, now pending in Congress, reached

the Elysian fields. Thomas, you will remember, was especially severe upon foolish laws, and believed that "least governed is best governed." The bill referred to aims to regulate the relations between corporations and their employees with a view to preventing strikes. It would compel corporations to pay "just and reasonable" wages, and it would compel employees to accept such wages. This would be an excellent bill if our form of government were what is known as State Socialism. As it is not, and as, under our present system, a man has the right to dispose of his labor in the best or the poorest market, as he will, and full liberty to leave any employer when he chooses, the bill is blundering and altogether foolish. It ought to be plain, to use a late instance, that no law that man could frame would have been effectual to make the Brooklyn strikers return to their work. They alone had the right to decide what wages they would accept, and they had an undoubted right to quit work as a means of enforcing their demands. What is really needed is a more stringent law to protect the property of corporations and the men who would take the places of strikers. If our lawmakers can not compel the laboring man to keep the peace, to refrain from killing and burning, how can they expect to prevent him from doing things that he has a perfect right to do.

**AN EXPLANATION
IN ORDER.**

THE Hon. Thomas Collier Platt recently made in print an admission that must have startled his friends and foes alike. It was a plain, bald assertion to the effect that he is a Republican. "But, I am a Republican," were the exact words he flung at an unsuspecting community. It is not, of course, incredible that Mr. Platt should be a Republican. Worse men than he have been Republicans. But it is incredible that he should be anything at all. Republicans believe in certain economic principles. Mr. Platt, so far as he has heretofore committed himself, believes in OFFICES. It is true that he has devoted much of his time to the election machinery of the Republican party, but one would as soon have thought of inquiring his feeling toward the party itself as of asking what the head scrub-woman in the U. S. Treasury thinks of our currency laws. He has confined his activity exclusively to the political scullery, where he has done the dirty work of politics. A statistician in whom we have implicit confidence informs us that since Mr. Platt left the Senate to its fate in '81—and that was on account of OFFICES—he has given out interviews to the Press amounting to 1388 columns of solid reading matter; and that in no one of them does any sentence refer in the remotest way to any of the economic principles that form the creed of the Republican or any other party. He has never said a word about anything but Platt and OFFICES. We should dislike exceedingly to embarrass Mr. Platt, but, if it is entirely convenient, would he mind telling the public how long he has been a Republican, why he is a Republican, and if he can prove it?

ON THE TRAIL.

FIRST DEPOSITOR.—We've got the President in jail all right; but there's no show of our recovering any of the funds, I suppose?

SECOND DEPOSITOR.—Oh, cheer up! We've attached the foreign mission fund, you know.

THE COMING WOMAN.

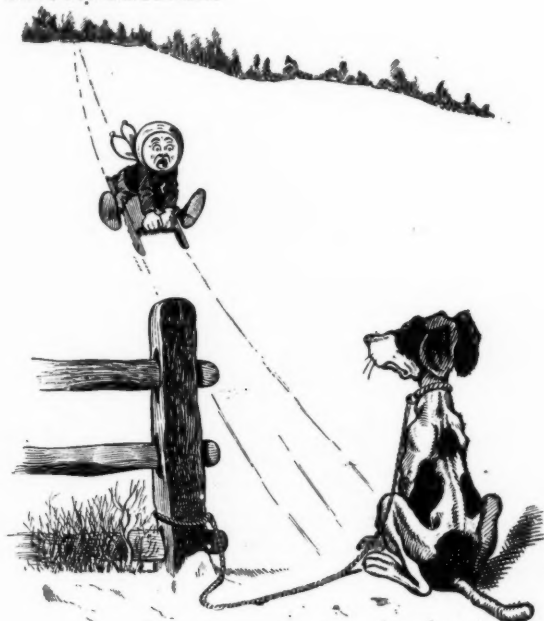
The coming woman, night and day,
We hear of high and low,
Till there's but one thing we can say—
We wish, she'd come and go!
Madeline S. Bridges.

EASY TO LEARN.

"I can not tell a lie, Father."
"Do you mean it, my boy?"
"On the dead!"
"Then take this Income-Tax blank and practice."

HE DID N'T.

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BOY ON THE SLED.—Hi! Get out of there, you fool dog! Do you want to get killed?



THE DOG (jumping away).—You bet I don't! Do you?

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Oh, woe! woe! woe! alack and well-a-day!
In profoundest blues from the latest news
We weep the hours away.

Ah, well for Grover there and the hole he got in—*Not!*
For the "Policy of Infamy"
Has not yet gone to pot.

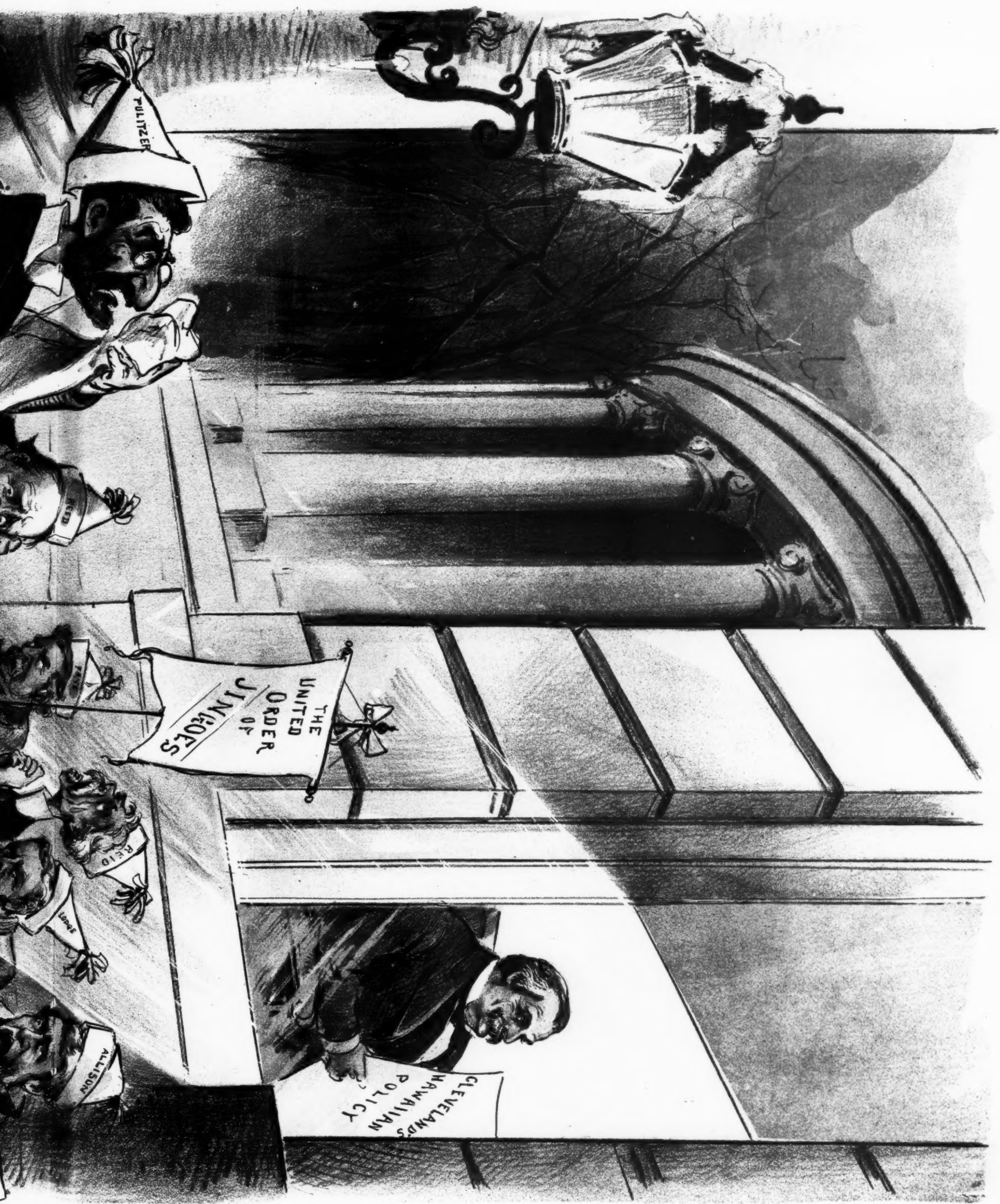
THE WAIL OF THE JINGOS.

Alas! for the jingo wool we would fain pull o'er his eyes,
So he'd interfere; but he would not hear
Our "Annexation" cries.

So it's woe! alack! alas! the laugh is with Grover C.
Through the last two years of our taunts and jeers
He was right about Hawaii.

J. Ottensmeyer Lith. Co. New York





THE NIGHT-HAWK.

HIS HAWK is no bird of plumage gay,
Through empty streets he wings his way;
He starts his flight in the heel of the day,
But he manages somehow to make it pay,
By the time the sky is getting gray,
At seven o'clock in the morning.

The traveling man is a source of gain,
When he strikes the town by the very last train,
With a sample case and umbrella and cane,
And a big gripsack in the pouring rain,
And looks for a street-car all in vain,
At what o'clock in the morning?

The newspaper man is his trusted friend,
On a regular job or a pay-day bend,
Keen joy to the heart of the hawk he'll send,
And the paper's cash he will freely spend;
But to save his own on foot he'll wend,
T'ward home in the early morning.

A paralyzed jag is his delight
To shove in his cab with main and might;
When the door and the passenger both are tight
He will drive him around till broad daylight,
But his jaglets pays by the hour all right,
Till late in the penitent morning.

At sunrise he doffs his blanket and coats,
And stops his steed and mentally votes
As to whether the wreck gets a ration of oats.
Or himself gets full as a pair of goats,
And stay that way till the copper ropes
Him in on the following morning.

John William Mitchell.

A STRONG INDUCEMENT.

DRINKWATER.—What a fool you are, Jagster, to waste so much money on whiskey! Supposing you only spend twenty-five cents a day, that would be ninety dollars at the end of the year.

JAGSTER.—Would it, though? I believe I'll quit. Great Scott! what a high old time a fellow could have on ninety dollars!

THE DRY-GOODS man may be hard-fisted, but his cloak-model can tell you that he is always an appreciator of beautiful hands.



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A SAVING THING FOR G. W.

LITTLE IKEY.—Fader, vas it true dot Chorge Vashington nefer toldt a lie?

MISFITSKI (the clothier).—My son, I perleef it vos so; but he would nefer haf succeeded in der gloading peesness!



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SHE SUITED HIM.

"Will you be mine?" he demanded.
"You ask much," she faltered.
"I know it; but —"
His countenance kindled with enthusiasm, as he spoke.
—"I adore large people."

THE POSSESSIVE CASE.

ELDER BERRY.—Land's sake! Parson, what makes you look so mad?

PARSON PEASLY (hotly).—Matter enough, Deacon! I sent that story of mine about the owl and the old maid to a comic paper, and here they've sent it back with an insulting letter, saying it's not original.

ELDER BERRY (indignantly).—Why, the impudence of them fellows! An' I've hearn you tell that story fer thirty year!

A PRIZE.

"Marriage is a lottery."
"What did you draw?"
"Alimony."

SANCHO PANZA.

Master, they are still laughing at our battles with the wind-mills.

DON QUIXOTE.

And yet, Sancho, they will have to do something about the United States Senate.

CITY EDITOR.—Your copy is so illegible, Mr. Wright, that you must improve it if we are to retain your services.

WRIGHT.—But, sir, Greeley d—

CITY EDITOR.—Yes, yes, I know; but you're young; don't grasp after all the honors at once.



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REGRETS.

She sees the Spring coming with many a sigh,
She's had her new cape but a little while:
In a few short weeks she must lay it by—
Next Winter it's sure to be out of style!

PABST "Best" MALT EXTRACT Tonic

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OPINION IS
INCONTROVERTIBLE

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Odors from Perspiration
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"It Soothes while it Cleanses."
Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila

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DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

"DE MAN that 's constantly slingin' mud at his neighbors," said Uncle Eben, "doan' nebbah put no ashes on his slippery sidewalk."—
Washington Star.

HIGHEST AWARD
WORLD'S FAIR 1893.

The Brunswick
DOWNTOWN DEPOT
SUBURG. 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.

A CRUEL ALTERNATIVE.
DOWNTON.—Here comes Binkers. He's got a new baby, and he'll talk us to death.
UPTON.—Well, here comes a neighbor of mine who has a new setter dog. Let's introduce them to each other, and leave 'em to their fate.—*New York Weekly.*

A CHICAGO woman is visiting in town who has never been divorced. — *Atchison Globe.*

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BRAND
Shirts
READY TO WEAR.
Every garment
GUARANTEED.
Fit, Finish, Fashion,
The Best.
ASK YOUR OUTFITTER FOR THEM.

Write for our complete
"Souvenir of Fashion," free by Mail.
CLUETT, COON & CO., MAKERS, TROY, N. Y.



USED TO IT.

TOM.—Did n't the encore unnerve Miss Twitter?
JESS.—Not a bit; she is used to having the neighbors pound on the floor when she sings.

CHEW
AND
SMOKE
MAIL POUCH
THE PUREST
THE BEST
PURE
HARMLESS
SATISFYING
NICOTINE NEUTRALIZED

HOW HE WON HER REGARD.

MRS. DE NEAT.—It seems to me that for a man who claims to deserve charity, you have a very red nose.

MOLDY MIKE.—Yes, Mum; the cheap shaps that us poor people has to use is very hard on the complexion, Mum.—*New York Weekly.*

**ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES
COLD IN HEAD**
PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS

MAGIC LANTERNS

And STEREOPYCIONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc.
A profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also, Lanterns for Home Amusement. 265 page Catalogue free.
McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

WOMEN'S TALK.
MRS. HASKER.—Been out shopping to-day, Mrs. Blyker?
MRS. BLYKER.—No; been out buying — *South Boston News.*

MAX O'RELL says the Australians eat seven times a day. Australia must be a poor place for tramps. It is as much as he can do in this country to get one meal a day. If he had to beg for seven, he would die of exhaustion. — *Norristown Herald.*

Why Evans'?

REASONS:

Best Malt and Hops,
Mountain Spring Water,
Years in the Wood,
Improved Bottling Process.

RESULT:

Finest Ale Brewed,
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No False Ferments,
No Cloud of Sediment.

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NOVELTIES,**

for Ladies' and Children's Wear.

Swiss Edgings and Insertings, 45-inch Swiss Flouncings,
English Stitch, open work designs.

Nainsook Edgings and Insertings.

All-over Embroidery to match.

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Embroidered Robes,

Exclusive designs. New and beautiful colorings.

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PROJECTING EARS SET BACK.

Send stamp for book on changing features.

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OF THE UNITED STATES.

Sold in every State in the Union. Equal to any imported cigar. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send \$1 for sample box of 10 to
JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., Makers,
188th St. and 3d Ave., N. Y. City.
Send money by registered mail.

JIMMY.—What makes the 21st of December the shortest day in the year?
FATHER.—Er—well, the Christmas shopping probably.—
Inter Ocean.

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40 & 42 Wall Street,
New York.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES, STOCKS, COTTON, GRAIN.
Daily Financial Letter on Request.
Accounts of Individuals, Banks and Bankers,
Subject to Cheque, received on favorable terms.
Correspondence Solicited Foreign and Domestic Exchange.

LAUTIER Fils OLIVE Oil.

GEORGE LUDERS & CO., New York. Wholesale Agents.

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You can leave Grand Central Station,
the very center of the city,

For Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati,
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Via the New York Central,
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Trains depart from and arrive at
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Eleven through trains each day.
Practically a train every hour, via

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A SURRENDER OF PRINCIPLE.

"He's no longer a good populist!"
was the indignant exclamation. "He
has backslid."

"How do you know?"

"He was heard to remark that the
institutions of this country might be
worse."—*Washington Star.*



Coughs, Colds, Chest Pains,
difficult breathing, and inflam-
mation of the lungs speedily re-
lieved by **Cuticura Anti-Pain**
Plaster, when all others fail.



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CONFIRMATION.

I SOMEHOW wisht I heddent come
Tew visit cousin Kitty,
My head hes bin in sech a hum
Sence I struck New York City.

Of Cyrus Field I uster read,
An' how he laid the Cable;
I did n't give it any heed,
But thought it just a fable.

I did n't think it true, one bit;
But here is New York City,
An' in a cable car I sit,
Tew visit cousin Kitty!

R. L. M.

Rae's Lucca Oil

The Perfection - -
- - of Olive Oil.

Received the following awards at the **COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.**

"For Purity, Sweetness, and Fine, Olive Flavor."

"For Excellence of the Product
and Size of Manufacture."

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Established 1836.

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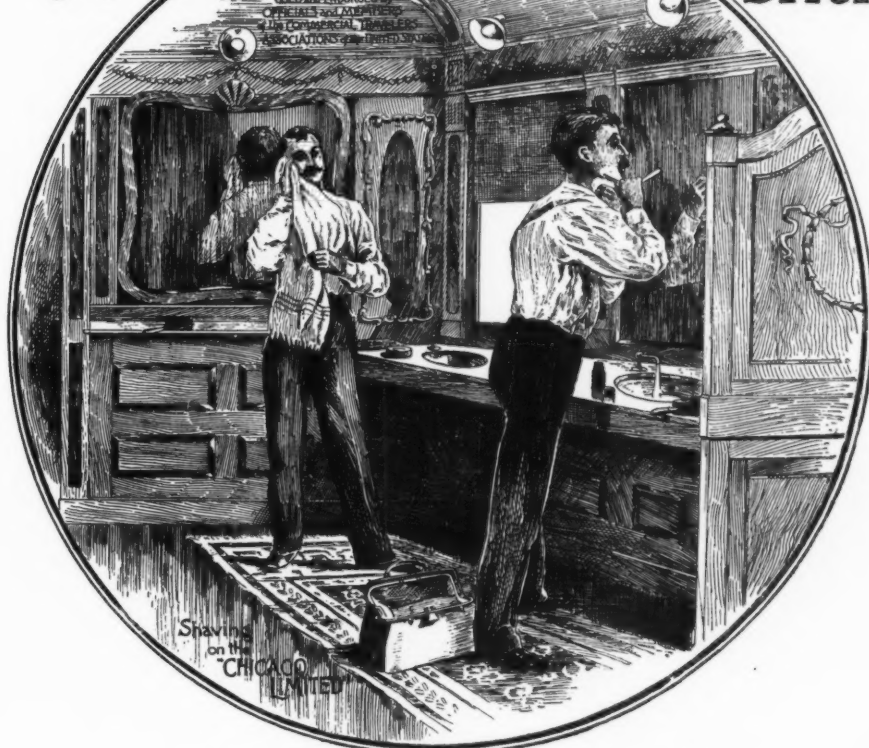
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Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for
a superb box of candy by ex-
press, prepaid, east of Denver
or west of New York. Suitable
for presents. Sample orders
solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
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"The next time I buy a shaving-stick, it will be

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK."

The Soap—is a rich, creamy white—very delicate in
odor—and produces a wonderfully soft—cool lather
that *never dries on the face* while shaving.

Enough **WILLIAMS' STICKS**
sold in 1893 to shave over
20,000,000 men.

WILLIAMS' SOAPS—in three



"Genuine Yankee" Soap, 15c.
Oldest and most famous cake of shaving
soap in the world. Millions using it.



Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c.
Strong, metal-lined case. For Tourists'
and Travelers' use. Don't fail to ask for
WILLIAMS'—and take no other.



Williams' Barbers' Soap, 40c.
This is the kind your barber should use.
It is also most excellent for Toilet use.
Tons of it sold yearly to families.
6 cakes in a package—40c.

Note! WILLIAMS' costs
no more than others.
But—it's worth more.

principal forms—are sold by all Dealers.

SPECIAL OFFER—If your dealer does not have these soaps—we mail them—to any address—postpaid on receipt of price.—All three
kinds sent for 75c. in stamps. Address **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.**
London Office: 64 GREAT RUSSELL ST., W. C.

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"You may be right; but, at any rate, it's consoling to know men whom no one is quite wealthy
enough to afford."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Illustrated Monthly.*

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CAUTION.—See that the
name Beeman is on each
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**The Perfection of
Chewing Gum**

And a Delicious Remedy for
Indigestion and Sea Sickness.
Send 5c. for sample package.
Beeman Chemical Co.
27 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of
Pepsin Chewing Gum.

WRINKLES REMOVED BY LATEST
scientific methods; regu-
lar physicians. 20 years' experience. **JOHN**
H. WOODBURY, 127 W. 43d St., N. Y., inventor of
Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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SCHERING'S PIPERAZIN WATER

Will CURE It.

Also Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, etc.

For Sale by all Pharmacists.

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ANITCHKOFF PALACE,
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MARIE FEODOROWNA, FINDING GREAT
BENEFIT FROM THE USE OF YOUR
Tonic-WINE, REQUESTS THAT A CASE
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Leading Resorts of the
SOUTHWEST

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TEXAS and the GULF COUNTRY —
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removed by depilatory; if strong, by elec-
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spoil the broth — alto-
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"Did you study
hard for the prize at
school, Tommy?"
"Yes'm; I spent a
whole hour findin' out
what kind o' candy
Jimmy Jones liked
best, an' then he had
a toothache an' could
n't recite, an' I got the
prize." — *Inter Ocean.*



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BESSIE NORRIS.—Oh, dear! I wish I could ride a bicycle!
GRACE INNET.—Well, there's no law to prevent your doing so.
BESSIE.—Only the law of gravitation.

Add 20 drops of Angostura Bitters to every glass of
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Travelers' headaches quickly cured by
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Sold on trains by Union News Co.

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THE BEST
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DEAFNESS
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Wilson's Common-Sense
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New scientific invention, entirely dif-
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has given no relief. Safe, comfortable,
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WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Mention PUCK. LOUISVILLE, KY.

**BAR KEEPERS' FRIEND
METAL POLISH.**

Best and cheapest. 1-lb. box 25c. at dealers. Sample free.
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ONE MILE
WORLD'S 1.51 RECORD!
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Good bearings and "fastest tires on earth"—
"G. & J. PNEUMATIC TIRES"
THAT'S THE SECRET.
Catalogue free at any Rambler agency.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., CHICAGO.
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PRODUCED BY THE FRENCH OR NATURAL
PROCESS OF FERMENTATION IN BOTTLE,
EQUAL IN QUALITY AND CHEAPER THAN IMPORTED.
HIGHEST AWARD AT COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.
If you cannot get it of your dealer,
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Beecham's pills are for
biliousness, bilious headache,
dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid
liver, dizziness, sick head-
ache, bad taste in the mouth,
coated tongue, loss of appe-
tite, sallow skin, etc., when
caused by constipation; and
constipation is the most fre-
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Go by the book. Pills 10c. and
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DOMESTIC COMEDIES

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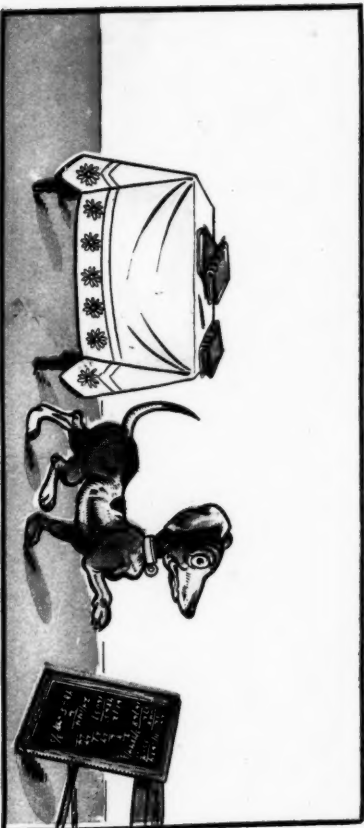
Ye blythesome laddie leaped hye in glee,
He hadde rose wythe y^e sunne.

And in good tyme eer schule, hadde he
Hys taske of summes alle done.



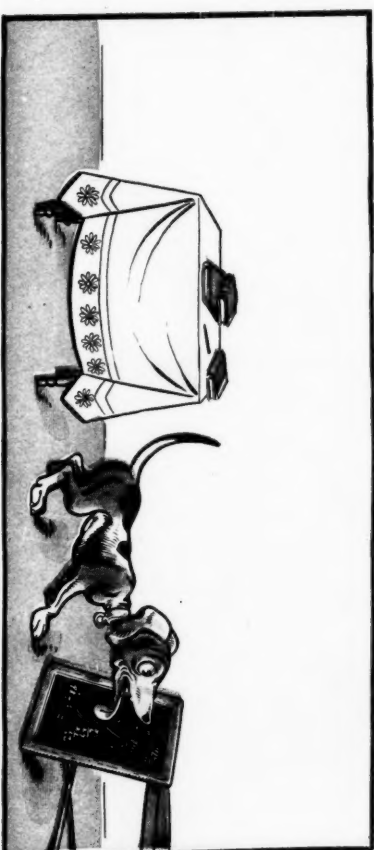
H^es lytle dogge jumped, too, in joye
To see hys master soe;

Butte, O! y^e wicked-harted boye
Didde kick hym to hys woe.



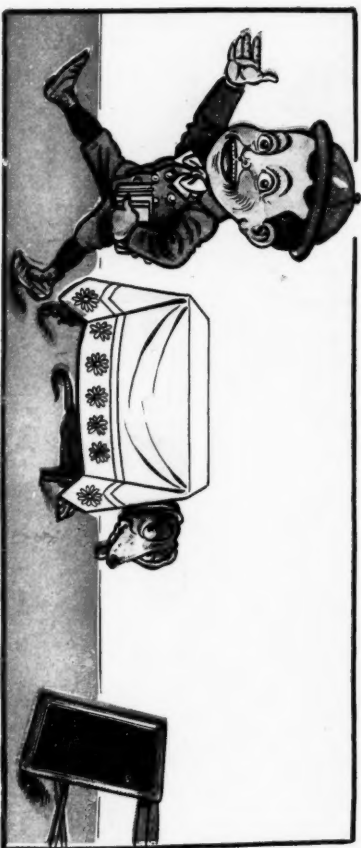
And while y^e lyther laddie shall stave
To combe hys notte-browne haire,

Y^e lytle dogge thynks of a waye
He coude revenge hym there.



Then up untice y^e slayie he commes,
Y^e lytle dogge and yonge,

Righte hartlec he wipes those summes
Alle offe then wythe hys tonge.



Backe there then commes y^e lyther laddie
To seize hym of hys bookes,

Butte fyndyng that no slye he hadde
He turns hym round and lookes—



And fromme hys lipps a loud wail commes;
Y^e dogge leaps in his joye.

For wellie he knows w. oute y^e summes,
What will befallie y^e boye.

YE BEASTE'S REVENGE.